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No 760

A PLEADER TO THE NEEDER WHEN A READER.

AS all, my friend, through wily knaves, full often suffer wrongs,
Forget not, pray, when it you've read, to whom this book belongs.
Than one Charles Clark, of Totham Hall, none to't a right hath better,
A *wight*, that same, more *read* than some in the lore of old *black*-letter.
And as C. C. in *Essex* dwells—a shire at which all laugh—
His books must, sure, less fit seem drest, if they're not bound in *calf!*
Care take, my friend, this book you ne'er with grease or dirt besmear it;
While none but awkward *puppies* will continue to "*dog's*-ear" it!
And o'er my books when book-*worms* "*grub*," I'd have them understand,
No marks the margins must de-*face* from any busy "*hand!*"
Marks, as re-marks, in books of Clark's, when e'er some critic spy leaves,
It always him so *wasp*-ish makes, though they're but on the *fly*-leaves!
Yes, if so they're used, he'd not de-*fer* to *deal* a fate most meet—
He'd have the soiler of his *quires* do penance in a *sheet!*
The Ettrick *Hogg*—ne'er deem'd a *bore*—his candid mind revealing,
Declares, to beg "a *copy*" now's a mere pre-*text* for stealing!
So, as some knave to grant the loan of this my book may wish me,
I thus my book-*plate* here display, lest some such "fry" should *dish* me!
—But hold,—though I again declare WITH-holding I'll not *brook*,
And "a *sea* of trouble" still shall take to bring book-worms "to *book!*"

From the "Dictionary and Directory of Living Authors and Artists," in the Critic, London Literary Journal, No. 287.

CLARK (CHARLES), Author, Great Totham Hall, near Witham, Essex. Born at Heybridge, an extensive village near Maldon. Educated, for the most part, at Witham-place School, Essex. Has long been distinguished as one of the most indefatigable collectors of old English literature in the kingdom, particularly of old poetry and works of a whimsical nature. He has also many rare and singularly-curious old manuscripts. A copy of his whimsical book-plate appears in *Notes and Queries*, No. 141. It is in verse, and the production of his own sprightly muse. For upwards of twenty years has industriously practised as an *amateur printer*, at his own residence, and is thus honourably noticed by Mr. Timperley, in his *Typography*, (London: 1836) p. 541:— "The reprints, &c. of Mr, Clark are very well executed, and do great credit to his typographical skill." In 1831, in conjunction with his neighbour, G. W. Johnson, Esq. the well-known and highly-esteemed authority on horticultural subjects, he brought out a *History, Antiquarian and Statistical, of the parish of Great Totham, Essex*, 8vo. pp. 72. This was one of his earliest attempts as a printer. At different periods since then he has reprinted, entirely with his own hands, for private distribution among his literary friends, several very curious and interesting Essex local tracts and poems. A catalogue of the whole of his extensive literary collections will shortly make its appearance from his own press. Mr. Clark is unmarried.

WILD-FLOWERS:

OR

A Wreath of Doggerels.

By Albany Wallace Esq.

Printed,

By the Author,

At his Private Press.

1847

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THE

MAID

OF THE

MOUNTAIN.

BY ALBANY WALLACE ESQ.

Printed
By the Author.
1836

THE MAID

OF THE

MOUNTAIN.

Written during a tour through the North of England and the Highlands of Scotland; and Dedicated to,

LOUISA FFRENCHE PARTRIDGE.

THE MAID

OF THE

MOUNTAIN.

Section First.

I

LET OTHERS take your waving trees ;
Your meadows green ; — your zephyrs mild ; —
But give to *me* the roaring seas ; —
The solitary ! — and the wild !

II

I love to hear the whistling wind ; —
To see the billows mountains high ; —
A charm the thunder-clash I find ; —
And lightning flashing o'er the sky.

III

The cataract's tremendous rush,
When night her sombre mantle throws ;
Prefer I to the mellow blush
Of summer-suns at ev'ning's close :

IV

The rattling hail-storm down the dell ;
The deep abyss of caverns stern ;
The rough-side of the shaggy fell ;
To downy dale, or rippling burn.

V

Your melancholy moonlit nights ;
Your shades bestrew'd with autumn's spoils ;
Your gentle undulating heights ;
To me seem awful nature's foils.

VI

The grand ! the fearful ! the sublime !
Are scenes to *my* exalted taste : —
BEN-LOMOND'S brow I'm fain to climb ;
And wander o'er lone STAFFA'S waste.

VII

Like Gray's famed bard o'er Conway's flood,
(Whom the First Edward doom'd to die)
I'd tune *my* harp to tales of blood,
Perch'd on a craggy fragment high :

VIII

Or seated in some dark defile
By DERWENTWATER'S rock-girt lake,
With kelpies' song (to fays beguile)
The echoes of the glens awake.

IX

Your ordinary demoiselles,
May lover's-walks at MATLOCH seek ;
But in exchange for grotto'd wells,
Be mine the dens of DERBY'S-PEAK.

X

Behold me cross by taper-light,
The river STYX, dank, deep, and cold ;
Face all the fears of phantom night,
Like amazonian fair of old.

XI

For lowing herds — for bleating sheep —
Give *me* to ferry SPEEDWELL-MINE ;
Or in the caves by PEVERIL'S KEEP,
To see the blast of blue-fire shine.

XII

Your Shepherdess I envy not ;
My turn was ne'er the rural glade : —
No — the terrific be *my* lot,
LOUISA is the MOUNTAIN-MAID !!!

End of Section First.

Section Second.

XIII

YET, let me pause — for is my mood
Constant to these heroic flights ?
Doth ne'er satiety intrude,
To bid me wish for *other* sights ?

XIV

Yea — sometimes, faith, I feel inclined
E'en for the vapid joys abused ;
And fields, and lanes, and rambles find
Wherewith to be awhile amused.

XV

But oft'ner do remember BALLS
With something not unlike regret ;
And when the Band to fashion calls,
On KENSINGTON my gay-heart set.

XVI

Can sigh for Op'ras, and for Plays ;
For Concerts, Races, and Reviews ;
In short, in sports spend half my days ;
And Cities for my dwellings choose.

XVII

If so ! no more — lest I unsay
All of romance above I've said ;
But whisp'ring truth tho' (by the way,)
Monotony's the life I dread :

XVIII

And much suspecting, what comes last
Is not the least in my esteem ;
(Whether it be an Alpine vast !
Or some Gallant's mere modish theme !)

XIX

I'll cast my pen down — close my lay —
My woman's privilege for me !
O for a change from day to day,
Variety alone to see.

XX

Lord ! 'tis old-maidish to be tame ;
For ever uniform and calm ;
In dull consistency the same ;
Blameless in all, and free from harm.

XXI

No, no, — *I'll* opposites intwine !
Each of its own exclusive grade ;
And by some magic charm combine
The LONDON and the MOUNTAIN MAID !!!

The End.

Young Love's First Dream.

Young Love's first dream! — ah! where's the soul,
Remembers not the hour,
When erst was sipt that nectar bowl,
Nature's inherent dow'r.

So new, so blissful, and so bright;
So strange to fancy's stream;
When Heav'n's own secret bursts to light,
In embryo joy's first gleam.

Entranced, delighted, and surprised,
Idea's page conceal'd,
Opens to raptures undevised,
Enigmas first reveal'd.

When fond imagination's thought,
(Whose furtive sketches drew
Some mystery with pleasure fraught,)
First shows the picture true.

—

When truant pulses throbbing high;
The blush upon the cheek;
The half-suppress'd, half-courted sigh;
Young love's first throes bespeak:

When thrilling glows of soft desire;
And wishes undefined;
First fan the mantling blood to fire;
To passion's lure consign'd.

When first, in fine, the slumb'ring mind
Unbandages the sight;
And Love himself, that urchin blind!
Awakes to life and light.

Then is the hour when hearts are free —
Then nature's laws prevail —
And, wanton in unsullied glee,
The blessed curse we hail!

But ah! that glow of wild surprise,
By Transport's finger dealt;
Those first, new, unexpected sighs,
Once only can be felt.

Yea, 'tis but once young love's first dream,
Man's wond'ring heart may cheer;
Once only can that rainbow gleam,
That meteor charm appear.

And then 'tis fleet; and false as fleet;
And foul as it is fair;
A wile! a witchery! a cheat!
In masquerade a care!

For ruin's snares lurk there entail'd;
Disgrace! disease! and death! —
Ah! fatal dream! ah! ban bewail'd!
A perfumed blight's thy breath!!

LINES.

(written on a tour to the Highlands of Scotland)

The Trosachs.

Here magic Nature's wildest wand
Hath wrought a fairy scene;
A scene Art's pencil's touch beyond,
Of rocks and woodlands green.
Ben An's sharp peak with lofty frown,
(O'er many a bristling steep)
In mountain majesty looks down
Upon Loch Katerine's deep:
While loftier far, proud Ben Venue
In stern defiance rears
His haughty frontlet on the view,
And, Warder-like, appears
To guard the Grampians narrow pass,
And keep the dark ravine,
Where clust'ring tors, in giant mass,
Rise heather-hills between:
Whose native groves sublimely wild,
Nature's own flow'rets twine;
And woods on sloping woodlands piled,
With cat'racts loud combine:
Whence streamlets wander thro' defiles
Of regions rude and grim;

Where echo, echo's voice beguiles
In caves and antiers dim :
Wherein ne'er yet the sun's rays crept,
Nor the eye of bird or man ;
Nor the moon on the moody waters slept,
Nor the deer for shelter ran.
O land of the snow-cloud, and the dew ! —
Land of the purple heath ! —
Land of the mighty, tho' the few ! —
Thyself thy garland wreath :
The sweeter 'mid'st these savage tracks,
The fairer 'mid'st these glooms ;
Like laurels for immortal acts,
Scatter'd o'er heroes tombs.
Yea, sweeter than exotics bland,
In southern climates rear'd ;
Or hot-bed plants from foreign land,
For true-love's braidlet wierd.
For Nature here is Nature's nurse,
And native gems abound ;
Which Nature's own pure hands disburse,
In gay confusion round :
And hath with studs the portals dect,
Of jewels rare and bright ;
To give lone passes more effect,
And glens impervious light.

A. W. Sep. 17, 1834.

Old-Women.

When Man would speak in high contempt,
And any from respect exempt,
Those 'tis his aim to underrate,
He doth "Old-Women" designate:
As if the epithet implied
A lack of ev'ry pow'r to guide
Alike all others as oneself;
And fit for nothing but the shelf.
Now most, who life and customs know,
Will own the term mal-a-propos,
If they the likenesses compare
In light and shade and posture fair.
For 'tis a dogma I maintain,
(To gainsay which man strives in vain)
Whether a blessing, or a curse,
Old-Women rule the universe!!
Are not Old-Women, past debate,
The mighty engines of the state?
The impetus that gives rotation?
In brief, the rudder of the nation?
For from their dictum youth and maid,
Husband and wife of ev'ry grade,
The rich, the poor, the mean, the great,

Do one and all their creed await:
And those who dare infringe their laws,
Pay dearly whatsoe'er the flaws:
Seeing as they alone decree,
Pardon'd or punish'd all must be.
It follows thus a thing of course,
(As the grey mare's the better horse)
Most like OLD-WOMEN, 'tis the odds,
Are HEROES, KINGS, and DEMI-GODS!
And who'll ('mid'st modern samples shown)
That Bounaparté had, disown,
To this appellative of might,
Beyond a doubt the nearest right,
When in the plenitude of pride,
He highest rode on fortune's tide.
  Bishops and Lords in church and state,
The nation's laws may regulate;
But who o'er Lords and Bishops rule?
Who? — to OLD-WOMEN they're the tool! —
Yea, that OLD-WOMEN they obey,
A few brief questions will portray.
  Who gives society its laws? —
  Who dictates ev'ry moral clause? —
  Who on gentility decides? —
  Who classes into ranks divides? —

Who marks the goal? — Who draws the lines? —
Who within limits meet confines
The lengths restraintless man would go,
And teaches him control to know? —
In fine, Who says "I will?" — "I wont?"
None surely, if OLD-WOMEN dont!
Ay, ye may in your breeches strut,
And petticoats think out to shut,
Imperious man! but yet your pride
Must petticoats' commands abide.
And further, ye may rest assured,
(Howe'er to them ye're long innured)
'Tis by their suff'rance, sirs, alone,
Even your breeches are your own!
For should OLD-WOMEN coalesce,
A veto on them to express,
And fulminate their edict high,
Breeches of all cuts to decry,
Some other garb, ye gentles shorn,
Your seats of honor must adorn:
And inborn rights be thus inroded,
And Breeches-Makers quite exploded.
So thank your stars — they'll ne'er expel
What, coveting, they love too well:
Else, did OLD-WOMEN not admire

That noble part of male attire,
Where is the wight who would presume,
So clad to court the drawing-room?
For in all fashions who shall dare,
What they may disapprove to wear?
And faith, 'twill be no joke, I ween,
If banish'd, there they may'nt be seen:
O heav'n forfend they so combine,
Lest, man! they be no longer thine.
Nay then — no more — the case is clear —
'Twere idle further proofs to hear —
Why for OLD-WOMEN more contend? —
This sure brings query to an end —
For since it thus is past all doubt,
Breeches themselves they could turn out;
The point by inf'rence stands confest,
They're absolute o'er all the rest:
Because ye never can confute,
That they're the very stem and root,
The source, the origin, the right,
The primogenitor of might!
Marking the gage whereby of old,
Your style of lord, of chief, ye hold;
Being at once the type, and test,
And token by whose high behest,

Of whatsoever kind or name,
Each manly privilege ye claim.
O breeches then (no matter whether
Ye be of velvet, shag, or leather ;
Or long, or short, or loose, or tight,
Red, yellow, green ; or black, or white ;
So long as ye are breeches true)
May petticoats still foster you:
And never may the tale be told,
That women, either young or old,
Could out of love with breeches fall;
Or exile trousers, shorts, and all.
No — rather hence, as heretofore,
The breeches may they so adore,
That far from wishing (— garment blest! —)
Man of thine honour to divest,
They even now and then anon,
May venture just to try them on:
For better is it they should share,
And turn-about the breeches wear,
Than heroes lose their rightful claim,
To an Old-Woman's doughty name!!!

The Clock.

I

Oh! what is fame? (— the hero's boast! —)
Immortal glory's death? —
What! but a phantom sound at most!
A frail, a fleeting breath!

II

One generation past, 'tis gone! —
The mighty deeds forgot! —
By time the laurel'd temples shorn,
And Lethe's stream their lot.

III

For few 'mong many of renown
In battle-field who fall,
Are they whose names are handed down
To after-times at all.

IV

Then what's the endless honor won
By martial deeds of blood?
Since fame's a meteor, which anon
Sinks in oblivion's flood.

V

'Tis but a sound! — a passing wind! —
A Will-o'the-Whisp! — a cheat! —

A lure to lead astray the mind! —
A bane as false as fleet!

VI

So Fate decrees, to mock the meed
Which Fame displays in vain,
The dread array to supersede,
Of Death's subduing train.

VII

Turning to nothingness the pride
Of man's assuming heart;
By bidding facts the vaunts deride,
Her flatt'ring lies impart.

VIII

For all's delusion here below;
Fancy's creative pile!
From whose deceptive visions flow,
Of life each furtive wile.

IX

Each scheme whose hope comes incomplete,
E'en when to come it seems;
For when did hope's fulfilment meet,
Imagination's dreams?

X

Like witch's promises they're found
Whisper'd in murmurs dense,

Whose gage the while 'tis "kept to sound,"
Is "broken to the sense."

XI

Nay, even those whom hist'ry's page
Prolongs the deathless name;
Whose deeds of blood from age to age,
Transmitted are to fame;

XII

Have little after all to claim,
Beyond a lucky chance;
For courage may not win a game,
Altho' it may advance.

XIII

And those manœures whose success
A laurel crown may gain;
By failure either more or less,
A laurel crown may stain.

XIV

For most are clever to decide,
After a matter's o'er;
Howe'er opinions may divide
Upon a thing before.

X

And they who lose, their fault or no,
The gantlet have to run;

Since any blockhead then can show
What ought to have been done.

XVI

To take up arms in self defence,
Is laudable, and fair;
And praise may, in its noblest sense,
Demand as merit's share:

XVII

To gain what's fraudfully withheld —
Or right the wrong'd, or weak —
Then may by justice' sword be fell'd
Those who to injure seek:

XVIII

Or to protect our country's right;
Or to preserve our own,
'Twere ignominious not to fight:
But fight for these alone.

XIX

Not for the wholesale murd'rers aim,
Who fights for fighting sake;
And but to win himself a name,
Would lives of thousands take:

XX

Nor to erect the miscreant's throne —
Nor vanity elate —
Nor proud ambition's heart of stone,
With arrogance inflate.

XXI

Tho' these are they, men to the ground
Worship and bow before ;
Whilst others, good and useful found,
Are pass'd unheeded o'er.

XXII

Where's the historian who records
Those names they scarce should hide ;
Who merit all mankind's awards,
For life's first wants supplied ?

XXIII

By whose inventive genius rife,
Or whose improvements great,
The comforts of domestic life,
Make life an easy state.

XXIV

A strange anomaly's man's mind ;
To value pageants known ;
And while to solid blessings blind,
To catch at phantoms prone.

XXV

With Alexander styl'd " the Great ! "
Men much their minds concern ;
And all his mighty conquests rate,
A noble theme to learn.

XXVI

Yet what's this Alexander wrought
By carnage wide for us ?
What, the pitch'd battles that he fought,
To warrant so much fuss ?

XXVII

The motive 'tis, claims praise or blame,
In all we undertake ;
And his was individual fame,
For solely his own sake.

XXVIII

Thus, he to gain for self alone,
A conqueror's renown,
Spread scath no vict'ries could atone,
And ruin thunder'd down.

XXIX

'Tis said, the victor wept — or feign'd —
When this our world was won ;
Because no other worlds remain'd,
By him to be undone.

XXX

But no one e'er records the tears
Of those he caused to weep;
The widows o'er their husbands' biers —
The orphan's anguish deep —

XXXI

The hapless mothers broken hearts —
The maidens breasts forlorn —
Or the dilapidated charts,
Of towns and temples shorn.

XXXII

We're early taught a fine tirade,
About the Gordian knot;
And Hist'ry boasts with much parade,
That he untied it *not!*

XXXIII

As if it was so very clever
The string he'd fail'd to loose,
Enraged, he with his sword should sever:
For fools a fool's fit ruse!

XXIV

That small's man's obligation stock
To him so lauded's true;
While he to whom man owes yon clock,
Gets not the praise that's due.

XXXV

For since a clock's of use to all,
This hero's fights to none,
Why not the clock's inventer call
By far the greater one.

XXXVI

"No"—those of noble blood will cry,
"Honor is all in all!
Before whose shrine of glory high,
All meaner things must fall:

XXXVII

Great men must nobly be begot,
For noble blood inspires
Brave actions ne'er to be forgot,
To emulate our sires!"

XXXVIII

How comes it then that homely churls
Have courage shown as proud,
As Barons, Bannerets, and Earls,
Or Knighthood's star-deckt crowd?

XXXIX

How comes it too, the nobly born
Sometimes adventure deeds
Peasants ignobly sprung would scorn
To make their lawless creeds?

XL

The while these of the humbler race,
Have set examples great;
That would the noblest scion grace,
Who honour boasts innate.

XLI

Innate? — suppose an infant changed —
My lord by beggars ta'en —
The beggar's brat, all meet arranged,
Within his cradle lain:

XLII

Wherefore should not the brat acquire
By education's pow'r
Those sentiments the great desire
For their child's mental dow'r?

XLIII

The while the lordling would imbibe
His foster parents' vice;
Those failings of the gipsy tribe,
Theft, cunning, and device.

XLIV

Then how befalls it noble blood
First rises in a sire?
Because in common veins but mud
Mingles in claggy mire!

XLV

And as so many of the great
Sprang first from low degree;
The blood must somehow change its state,
In new nobility.

XLVI

Doubtless your Heralds know how soon
This change in blood men feel,
After that all ennobling boon,
The patent's past the seal!

XLVII

They must this mystery explain:
None else can understand,
How it is noble veins contain
Fluid so pure and bland!

XLVIII

And why, when blood's of high degree,
It were a rank abuse,
To question men of pedigree,
Outvalue men of use!

XLIX

Or deeds of valor to proclaim
(The upshot weal or woe)
More worthy of a deathless name,
Than all we science owe!

I.

If they can make it well appear,
Low-minds are ne'er high born;
Nor High-minds low born, then 'tis clear
High blood's what must adorn;

II.

If not, how vain the empty boast
Of nobles showing blood;
For else, a great soul seems at most,
A prize from chance's flood.

Autumn.

Now rustling trees a yellow foliage bear;
The circling whirlwinds fallen leaflets chase;
All faded is the garb the woodlands wear;
Another summer has run out her race.

O'er naked forests — o'er dismantled groves;
O'er distant mountains crown'd with caps of snow;
And e'en o'er glens where ling'ring zephyrs roves
Rude boreas ere long in storms will blow.

Prophetic swallows, ready plumed for flight,
Hold a sage council, ere they wing their way
To those more genial regions hid from sight,
Where sunbeams still may shed a warmer ray.

For winter courts the melancholy maid;
With hoary visage waiting to appear
Clad in pale icicles, like gems display'd,
In frosts to usher in the new-born year.

Yet Autumn, child of Summer — nor less fair!
Altho' the harbinger of mist and cold! —
With thee what other season can compare?
Thy beauties are so varied to behold!

But awful still ; the prototype of age,
While fanning with the west-wind's fairy breath!
Fortelling pangs upon disease's page!
A trumpet from the spheres of coming death!

The Belle grown old.

Happy, thrice happy is the maid,
Whose charms are of no brilliant hue;
Whose modest beauties seek the shade,
Content with one fond lover true.

Whose swain beholds her mind replete
With loves that dazzle not the eye;
Yet of more worth than graces fleet,
Which flatter but to fade and fly.

O what avails a perfect face,
But to incite to airs and art;
Triumph, disdain, aud projects base,
To lure and disappoint each heart.

And ah! when years the features seam
With lines to be effaced no more;
When past is life's meridian beam,
A wreck alone is left in store.

Then she without the boast is blest,
Her breast like mine can ne'er be rent;
Of beauty prized no more possest,
The loss she knows not to lament.

Redeemless loss!—in vain I pine
No tears can e'er my bloom restore;
Each day but marks its fast decline,
And Maud the toast must be no more,

Then wherefore should I seek to hide
The ravage cruel time has made?
These wrinkles my attempts deride!—
These furrows mock youth's borrow'd braid!

No rouge can emulate the rose
Painted by nature's downy hand;
No blanc remould this drooping nose,
As chisel'd once so chaste and bland.

No music-master's magic lore,
Can bring back cadence to this voice;
Nor all the airs of Terpsicore,
Tempt waltzers to make Maud their choice.

Away then with this useless show;
This artificial bloom I wear;
For tho' fresh roses each morn blow,
They do not make me young and fair.

But rather mark out my defects,
For burlesque homage to be paid;
Which even blind self-love detects,
As tribute to a weak old-maid.

So henceforth from this mindful day,
Until my day of final rest;
Renouncing all youth's false array,
In age's garb shall age be drest.

The Beau grown old.

How is it that the girls no more
Simper and blush at my approach;
Flatter and court as heretofore,
But slight, and show me I encroach.

It is not that I look less smart —
My clothes are all the very pink!
Fashion'd by Stulz's matchless art —
So why should I in favor sink?

It cannot be that I grow old —
Pooh! — nonsense — surely still I'm young —
Besides my age I've never told,
But carefully have held my tongue.

I've no grey hair, for Colly's dye
Has kept it sable as a coal;
To read sans spectacles I try,
And pass off fairly on the whole.

I'll to my glass, and look again,
To find out where the fault can be;
I am not either blind or vain,
Yet do no imperfection see.

And yet, when I look very near,
I trace a wrinkle here and there:
And really I begin to fear,
The dye is seen upon my hair.

I fancied this toupet was sly—
That none could ferret false-teeth out—
But peering closer can descry
Both palpable beyond a doubt.

Truly I thought I walk'd erect,
Or stood unbent at any rate;
But now perceive there's some defect,
I stoop, and have a limping gait.

Nor can this polish'd boot conceal,
The gout has tortured each great toe;
These lumps and bumps the fact reveal,
And what I'd hide, too clearly show.

No wonder then the belles deridè
A would-be beau, so cheaply held;
Nay, even push me from their side,
And polk with me as if compel'd.

'Tis best then to grow old with grace,
And with sage thoughts the mind employ;
And not in scarlet, and in lace,
At Fancy-Balls to play the boy.

Therefore, altho' I'll not consent
To own my course completely ran;
Yet I'll in future be content,
To act the elder gentleman.

Hope.

O balmy Hope! offspring of want and woe!
The sad, in chief, thy soothing influence know;
'Tis thou alone whose renovating sway,
Supports the wretched in affliction's day.
In hour of ill,
Thy whispers still,
Console the tortured mind;
When fears annoy,
A voice of joy,
Utters presages kind.
Ah! may'st thou e'er the couch be near,
The bitter plaints of grief to hear;
Dire dreams prognostic to relieve;
And retrospective dreams retrieve.
And erst inspire,
A genial fire,
Where-e'er the fallen moan;
And for the frown,
Of fortune down,
With thy sweet smile atone.
Goddess! — for thou art of cœlestial race —
Come Hope! and with thy budding wreaths intwine
The hapless heart with symbol germs of grace,
Which show to misery a gleam divine.

Proud man at best,
To fate must bow;
And meet opprest,
With humble brow,
The crosses cruel fortune keeps in store:
And shorn of thee
Daughter of peace,
By whose decree,
Would sorrow cease?
But Hope! sweet Hope! points to a halcyon shore,
Where grief, and pain, and trouble, hurt no more.
Yet hold—
Are all these whispers, wreaths, and gleams of light
Dealt in true honesty, and honour bright?
Or imagery frail to lure astray,
And with a specious fantasy betray?
We're told,
Ordain'd ordeals, patiently to bear;
And not to yield to profitless despair:
But does obedience veritably rise,
From Resignation, or Hope's flatt'ring lies?
When threaten'd ill,
Distracts the will,
Anchor'd on Hope we rest;

The anchor fails,
The ill prevails,
And broken is the test.
If Hope thus, after all her gages fair,
Abandons us at last to ruthless Care,
'Tis fallacy, and fatal to believe
A sycophant who comforts to deceive.
Ye lost forlorn,
The scoffer scorn,
Who mocks to disappoint;
And buoys us high,
To swell the sigh,
When the witch cries, " aroint! "
But must we helpless fall in ruin's lair,
Nor find in Lethe's stream *one* drop *our* share;
Of present good, of future promise shorn,
Behold alas! all aid for ever gone?
No — teacher rude,
Come Fortitude,
For thou'rt an honest guest;
With no false smile,
Shed to beguile,
But blunt, and truth's the best.

Away then Hope — for ye are wont to fly —
And even balk when ye dont quite belie!
Yea, to the letter ye do ne'er fulfil
The vision'd weal — but cheat the trusting will.

Lines

to a young lady

who asked for some verses on Spring.

Say, what is Spring? — a ray! — a gleam! —
A meteor o'er the plain!
Say, what is childhood? why, a dream!
A reminiscence vain.
The sunbeam shines; the rainbow spans;
Anon, their glow's no more:
So, mem'ry fond, reflective scans
Past lights, and shadows o'er.
Thus thro' life's year from youth to age,
Do visions rise and pass;
Like scenes upon a puppet stage,
Or magnifying glass.
Then be *thy* lot a springtide joy,
Throughout life's fleeting year;
No threat'ning tempests to annoy,
Its ever bright career:
But seasons all glide peaceful by,
And when life's autumn's past,
The clouds upon *thy* winter sky,
May sunshine still o'ercast.

Sun-Rise.

Amber clouds the east are lighting;
Larks their matin hymns reciting;
Crocuses and Tulips blowing;
Daffodils in dew-drops glowing;
Goats upon the mountains browsing;
Donkeys from their sheds arousing;
Cows and Heifers gently lowing;
Gard'ners whetting scythes and mowing;
Sparrows on the pantiles hopping;
Butchers beef and mutton chopping;
Newsmen with the papers running;
Housebreakers the daylight shunning;
Children for their breakfasts squalling;
Chambermaids the trav'llers calling;
Laborers their work beginning;
Sooty Sweeps from chimneys grinning;
Rakes their weary haunches bedding;
Brides adorning for their wedding;
Criminals led out for hanging;
Housemaids dirty hearthrugs banging;
Coalheavers their coals unsacking;
Valets cleaniug boots with blacking;

Shopboys rails and counters dusting,
Rubbing brass, and goods adjusting;
Dairymen with milk-pails clinking;
Potboys gath'ring pots for drinking;
Marketwomen vivers crying;
Washerwomen linen drying;
Ostlers colts and filly's grooming;
Helpers cabs and coaches brooming;
Sluggards on their pillows turning;
Lamps put out, and fires set burning;
School-bells, House-bells, Dust-bells ringing;
Tradespeople their baskets bringing;
And miriads more beyond our stating,
Far far too num'rous for narrating;
Who one and all at morning's breaking,
To avocations are betaking:
And this same scene is always passing,
As it were motley players farcing;
It seems to have had no beginning,
Like to eternity, or sinning;
And, tho' we know not what's impending,
Apparently will have no ending.

Aurora & Venus.

The darksome mantle of the night,
By slow degrees withdrawn;
AURORA puts the stars to flight,
And ushers in the morn.

While VENUS (PHŒBUS to behold,
And smiles and kisses share,)
Dillydallying bright and bold,
Inhales the matin air.

At which the Goddess of the Morn
O'erclouds her haughty brow;
And glancing with an eye of scorn,
Salutes with taunting bow.

"Nocturnal lady—fye for shame!—
Away—away—away—
Believe me, madam, you're to blame—
Coquettes ne'er face the day!"

But VENUS, little wont to yield,
And scornful of reproof;
Without reply maintains the field,
And throws her head aloof.

A silent breach of etiquette,
AURORA brooks but ill;
In fact it makes her fume and fret,
And plainer speak her will.

"Avaunt, poor twinkling drab of night,"
(Infuriate she cries)
"Think'st thou thy paltry spark of light,
Design'd for morning skies?

"Thou who presid'st o'er wicked deeds,
To brave AURORA'S ray!
Of coming Phaeton's fiery steeds,
The tramping dare to stay!

"Calmly each night thy guilty eyes
Rapine behold, and rape;
Thou light'st the hand the poniard plies—
The felon to escape.

"The youth's, the vet'ran's ready mind,
For action VENUS sates;
And lures the maids her love-spells blind,
To paths where shame awaits.

"No tongue of sins can tell the tales,
Committed in thy sight;
In tears the Morning oft bewails,
The hidden deeds of night.

"Withdraw then, with your scanty skirts!
You're not upon my books;
I do not visit open flirts,
With such improper looks.

"Still you've the impudence to stay —
'Tis really very rude;
Madam, once more, begone I say —
I tell you, you intrude."

This flagrant scandal seems too bad,
Too personal to spurn;
It drives mild VENUS well-nigh mad,
And makes her rave in turn.

"O straitlaced dame who never stray'd,
Starch'd up so stiff and prim;
As spiteful as a sour old-maid,
With disappointment grim.

"Lower your key, chaste madam, pray,
For, blind by your own light,
You overlook the sights of Day,
Whilst seeing those of Night.

"Unless a beam is in your eye,
In future you'll be wise,
And recollect the culprit's sigh,
Upon AURORA's rise:

"The hapless mother, whom the fight
Her hope to death consigns —
The gibbet — and the convict's plight —
The rogues on whom Day shines!

"Why, ma'am, by Day the deeds are plan'd,
Night shames to see fulfil'd;
And veil'd, doth all unconscious stand,
Of crimes in which Day's skill'd.

"Ay, while the Night in modest shroud,
Hides from all sights profane;
The barefaced Day doth openbrow'd
Behold each filthy stain.

"And furthermore, what Night conceals
Unfit for human eye;
The day as wantonly reveals,
To outrage decency.

"Then hold your peace, since Night's offence,
Night will herself not see;
Yet Day looks on without a blench,
At whatsoe'er may be."

So saying, she prepares to go,
Tho' not because she's beat;
But Boreas begins to blow,
Her flirting to defeat.

Who seeing fair AURORA red,
And VENUS wagging proud;
Just as gay PHŒBUS lifts his head,
Obscures him in a cloud.

Thus VENUS then AURORA floors,
(Who bursts in speechless tears;)
And laughing as her rival roars,
Sails off to other spheres.

Fear.

Away, away — hence mindful Fear —
Bear her, ye winds, to caverns drear:
To some remote, secluded dell,
In gloom and solitude to dwell
Mid'st fitful gleams,
By poison'd streams,
Unseen by any wretch's eye;
No ear to hear,
Her murmurs drear,
Or listen to her boding sigh.
O pallid Fear! where-e'er ye go,
Mirth flies, and in her place comes Wo:
Ah! never may thy presence dread,
O'ercloud of Hope the sunshine shed:
Thy look demure,
No smile can cure,
Eternal frowns thy brows surround;
With thee Despair,
Prepares her lair,
And spreads imagined snares around.

Wan guest! afar erst may'st thou roam,
And ne'er approach Hope's shelter'd dome;
No space upon her threshold stay;
Or there a passing gazer stray:
For no keen blight
Infects the sight,
But soothing promise reigns,
(Pregnant with smiles,
And embryo wiles)
Where Hope her sway maintains.
Yet not so fast — let's pause awhile
To analyse Hope's transient smile —
Is it not pregnant with despair,
As often as with promise fair?
Alas! too oft,
With whispers soft,
She flatters to decoy;
Her victim plies,
With specious lies,
Truth must ere long destroy:
Yea, if prognosticating Fear
Doth show as evil, good that's near;
So Hope doth evil near, adorn
With good of which it must be shorn.

Then both intwine,
And ills combine,
To make their banes for good agree;
That to one end,
The two may blend,
Each other's antidote to be.

The Young Monk.

Far from the world, in constant gloom immured,
The load of life's by the young Monk endured;
Cut off from manhood's, and from nature's rights,
Sad are his days, and lone his joyless nights;
In cheerless solitude condemn'd to pine,
An isolated wretch to life's decline;
To mourn in ceaseless murmurs when too late,
The dread privations of monastic state;
And waste in keen regrets that blissful time,
When buoyant youth's high spirit's in the prime:
For, cold as death, no mantling blood inspires
In his chill'd veins, fierce love's extatic fires;
In dull monotony the current flows,
Unknown to pleasure, or to rapture's glows;
Of all its pride, of all its glory shorn;
Its high-prized excellence, its savour gone,
Frozen to icicles; and if a ray
E'er melts its durity, dire pains must pay.

But is there nought to solace such a state?
No recompensing comforts that await

To raise the hope, and neutralise the woe,
Heav'ns candidate on earth while here may know?
Yea! — for behold the halcyon beams of light
That gleam from spheres immeasurably bright!
Visions of endless joys, in realms bestrew'd
With paths and streams of long beatitude!
Anticipated transports which repay
The worst vexations of life's fleeting day:
And make the penance holy men endure,
A pastime in pursuit of bliss secure.
O what is manhood! but a season fraught
With restless passions, follow'd by a drought!
In age the fountain dry, whence joy we drew,
Whose mingled source no show'rs can e'er renew.
Then what are vaunted love's seductive fires?
What! but a cruel storm of wild desires,
Which an unwelcome calm must briefly cool,
And leave us to regret the wayward tool
Ah! 'tis far better never to be blest,
Than having been, to lose the high behest;
And waste the remnant of our chequer'd days,
In vain laments, instead of hymns of praise.
All hail monastic state! — in tranquil tides,
Unruffled by a breeze, the monk's life glides —

With-out the pale, but shelter'd from the wind,
He overlooks the swarm of mortals blind,
Motley as headstrong, rushing to a goal,
Which he believes perdition to the soul:
And pitying the doom'd, unconscious crew,
Cries "God be thank'd I am not one of you!"
His views may be the right, or be the wrong,
For all is doubt that doth to faith belong;
But seeing with the eye of faith alone,
That faith he reckons will his sins atone;
And right or wrong, if this belief implants
Hope in his heart, and that his bosom pants
In certain expectation of delight,
That may, or never may, enchant his sight,
It is enough—it makes him scorn this world;
Shows him the banner of the saints unfurl'd;
Wraps round life's joys a shroud of endless night;
And lifts the veil that hides eternal light.

Thus lost in dreams where heav'nly treasures rise,
The blest young monk doth those of earth despise!!

Rosalinda.

I

In ancient days, whilst yet the world
Untutor'd was, and wild;
Young Rosalinda florish'd gay,
Nature's own simple child.

II

Fashion'd in beauty's brightest mould,
All faultless was her face;
And gazers charm'd beheld her form
Replete with matchless grace.

III

She fed on honey, and on fruit;
Drank of the limpid stream;
Rose with the lark; and sunk to rest
With day's descending beam.

IIII

Her tresses floated on the gale;
A garb of fleece she wore;
A lambkin sported by her side;
A shepherd's crook she bore.

V

Sweet as the rose, the morning mist
Of summer bathes in dew;
She, guileless, as unconscious blush'd,
When lovers came to woo.

VI

Yet harken'd not to passion's woes,
But slighting ev'ry swain,
In mimic scoff bade all bewail,
Sonnets and sighs in vain.

VII

Each wounded heart beheld with hope,
Of hope each rival shorn;
But found his own fond roundelay,
Doom'd to like playful scorn.

VIII

At length the angry God of Love
Grew jealous of his might;
And with a dart took nearer aim,
Her gentle breast to smite.

IX

Alphonso born in foreign lands,
Her bow'r one morn past by;
The graceful youth, Adonis like,
Beguiled the fair-one's eye.

X

He sigh'd, and told a piteous tale;
Whisper'd an ardent flame;
" Ah! say ye love" — " O no no no " —
But " yes" soon " no " o'ercame.

XI

Her aged sire the secret learnt,
And well therewith content,
(Since for each other they seem'd form'd,)
Soon yielded his consent.

XII

But when the nuptial day arrived,
That day to crown their joy;
It proved alas! a fatal day,
Love's promise to destroy.

XIII

The rite perform'd, the rural band
Struck up a jocund air;
And bride's-maids with the bride's-men bold,
Form'd each a blooming pair,

XIV

And many a merry round was flung,
By bride and bridegroom bland;
Whilst village old-folks beating time,
Did on the greensward stand.

XV

At length fatigued with sylvan sports,
The rustic feast was served;
And in long draughts all pledged them deep,
From flagons unreserved.

XVI

The bridegroom then the goblet seized,
Placed ready by his side;
And as he drain'd the sparkling bowl,
Each in loud greetings vied.

XVII

But scarce had quaff'd the ruddy stream,
Ere with a piercing cry,
The Bride beheld her Bridegroom fall
Before her frenzied eye.

XVIII

His face a blackness overspread;
A livid spot appear'd;
That he had potent poison drank,
The awe-struck gazers fear'd.

XIX

Yet none could guess by whom 'twas mixt—
Some mark'd a stranger stray—
But 'midst the consternation spread,
He pass'd unseen away.

XX

All was confusion and alarm —
The marriage tent was clear'd —
Amazement, horror, and despair,
Their woful banners rear'd.

XXI

Some chafed his temples — others ran
To Rosalinda's aid —
But all too late — *her* heart was crush'd —
His debt to nature paid.

XXII

The lads removed him stiff and cold;
The lasses trembling fled,
Shock'd at a corpse upon the couch
Deck'd for a bridal bed.

XXIII

The shades of night now gather'd round;
A deadly silence reign'd;
On his grim bier Alphonso lay;
His Bride struck dumb remain'd.

XXIV

Deaf, like one petrified to stone,
She, with a vacant stare,
Sat motionless, her hands uprais'd,
While bristled stood her hair.

XXV

At intervals, as from a trance,
Starting with maniac scream,
She seem'd to wake — and then anon,
Relapsed to madness' dream.

XXVI

Her hapless parents spoke in vain
To soothe their wretched child;
She heard not — or unconscious heard —
Or raved in transport wild.

XXVII

But when at dawn his mournful knell,
In solemn note and clear,
Borne on the breeze's hollow breath,
Caught Rosalinda's ear;

XXVIII

She laugh'd in luxury of woe,
Chanted a bridal song,
Strew'd straw upon her burning brow,
And ranting danced along.

XXIX

Then kiss'd his coffin, and essay'd
To follow to the grave;
When, happily, a sudden swoon
Her grief a respite gave.

XXX

But ev'ry morn, and ev'ry eve,
Many a mindful day,
A lunatic, she dress'd his tomb,
With flow'rets fresh and gay.

XXXI

At length, however, reason fair
Resumed her vacant seat;
Tho' still in weeds of sad array,
She sought a lone retreat:

XXXII

Shunning the sportive scenes of youth,
The festive summer bands;
And slowly roaming 'mong the woods,
Wringing her widow'd hands.

XXXIII

A cloud hung o'er the gay parterre,
Since Rosalinda's fall;
As it were shrouded by the gloom
Of her Alphonso's pall.

XXXIV

Even the pipings on the green,
No longer sounded blithe;
For Death still seem'd to linger nigh,
Whetting his fearful scythe.

XXXV

Now thus whilst melancholy's sway
Spell-bound the village throng;
There came a knight of bearing high,
Riding a charger strong.

XXXVI

He knelt at Rosalinda's feet,
And breathed a fervent pray'r,
To win her for his lady-love,
And all his lands to share.

XXXVII

But she thought light of broad domains;
Of jewels rare and bright,;
Repuls'd his suit; and with a sigh,
Dismiss'd the wounded knight.

XXXVIII

Then he, enraged at her disdain,
Brook'd ill her answer cold;
And to her father counted o'er
Treasures of massy gold.

XXXIX

Few can resist that artful bait—
Lucre e'er looks like worth;
And, overjoy'd, he bade her wed
The Knight of noble birth.

XL

The gentle maiden wept in vain,
And sought her mother's arms;
For she, too, dazzled by the show,
Beheld alone its charms.

XLI

She dared-not, tho' half crazed, resist
Her parents' stern command;
But was obliged — severe decree! —
T'accept his profer'd hand.

XLII

It presently was noised abroad,
The cottage fair was woo'd;
And that at length her envied hand,
Was won by him who sued.

XLIII

The village rung with loud acclaims,
"Dricarno!" was the cry;
And the rich presents that he sent,
Allured each lass's eye.

XLIV

Nay, disappointment in despite,
And jealous rivals' hate,
E'en lads in admiration join'd,
At such a brilliant fate.

XLV

Had any of their equals won,
Each swain had been cast down;
But rival struggles here were vain,
And no one dared to frown.

XLVI

So all rejoiced, for all alike,
Stood in the self-same plight;
And none, triumphant saw his foe,
His own fond wishes blight.

XLVII

For mortal man so selfish is,
We do-not truth impeach,
To say, we're glad what's past our aim,
Our fellows cannot reach.

XLVIII

We then in sympathy unite,
All feud amongst us ends;
And the most deadly enemies,
Become the firmest friends.

XLIX

Moreo'er, dear self is scarcely pleased,
At common good, or rare;
(Tho' neutre, self uninjured is),
If self has not a share.

L

Yea, good to all but self, seems ill,
Since self doth not partake;
The lack of it alone indeed,
Wounds self-love for self sake.

LI

So, likewise, doth a common ill,
Scarce ill at all appear;
And these rejected lovers, thus,
All hail'd what all must shear.

LII

But she, so envied and caress'd,
Their pity needed most;
To her sad heart was that a sting,
Which others deem'd a boast.

LIII

For Rosalinda grandeur scorn'd,
And ev'ry jewel proud,
Glimmer'd in her benighted eye,
A speck upon her shroud.

LIV

And on the eve ere rose the day,
Fix'd to exalt her head;
Distracted, to avoid the bane,
Alone the maiden fled.

LV

She loathed, instead of loved the man;
Yet fear'd her father's frown,
And upon tip-toe raised the latch,
As night's deep shades came down.

LVI

Silent, by moss and moor she sped,
No moon to guide her o'er;
Full fain to find ere daylight dawn'd,
Some convent's friendly door.

LVII

But faint with famine and fatigue,
And trembling with affright,
She sunk at length; and on the heath
Rested the live-long night.

LVIII

Then wide and wistful gazed around,
When eastward morning beam'd;
Yet mark'd no hospitable fane,
Whereon the twilight gleam'd.

LIX

Until, remote, a lofty dome,
(Whilst on her weary way)
Rose on the vista far a-head,
And caught the matin ray.

LX

She dragg'd her worn-out limbs along,
In sad and sinking state;
And gently blew a brazen horn,
That hung beside the gate.

LXI

Then fell exhausted to the earth,
All ghastly in a swoon;
From which, ah! fearful to relate,
She waked, alas! too soon.

LXII

This tower proved Dricarno's hold,
And much amazed was he
In plight so wretched and forlorn,
His bride-elect to see.

LXIII

But O too quickly, wonder's mood,
Gave place to wild desire;
And, falling at her feet, he sought
To fan her breast to fire.

LXIV

Reproved, howe'er, by angry frown,
Awhile he stood at bay;
But presently, no help at hand,
Renew'd the base essay.

LXV

Her strength was feeble to resist;
He seized her trembling arm;
She shriek'd, but no one dared to hear;
In vain her loud alarm.

LXVI

And when the wretch had quench'd love's flame,
With fury's flame he burn'd;
And her abhorrence to avenge,
His fallen victim spurn'd.

LXVII

And thus polluted and undone,
Her reputation lost,
Upon a cold and cruel world,
Remorselessly he tost.

LXVIII

And she so honour'd once, and prized,
A wrong'd and ruin'd maid,
From proud Dricarno's castle door,
A friendless wand'rer stray'd.

LXIX

Her sire, when at his feet she sued,
Cried, "recreant avaunt" —
Her mother, in ambition balk'd,
Re-echoed sharp the taunt.

LXX

She broken-hearted turn'd away,
Re-cross'd their threshold o'er;
And from the village hooted was,
By those who hail'd before.

LXXI

Unused to buffet in the world—
From ev'ry hope exempt—
Insulted — slighted — pointed-at—
The sport of cold contempt—

LXXII

Poor Rosalinda ill could brook
A lot so fraught with pain;
Chill Want with savage grin, moreo'er,
Before her on the plain.

LXXIII

Unable longer life to bear,
She check'd each tear, each sigh,
Vow'd her lost honor to avenge,
And then in penance die.

LXXIV

Roused by despair, she wept no more,
But seized, with virtue's pride,
A little knife to flow'rets prune,
Still hanging at her side.

LXXV

Then rushing to Dricarno's hold,
Once more the trumpet blew;
And when the gates stood open wide,
Within the portals flew.

LXXVI

And ere to stop her there was time,
Straight to his couch had prest;
He slept — 'twas midnight — and she plunged
The weapon in his breast.

LXXVII

Dricarno waked with sudden start,
But, horror struck, too late;
For "retribution" conscience cried,
"Such doom such deeds await!"

LXXVIII

And as grim death with icy hand
His quiv'ring limbs made cold;
Remorse exhorted to confess,
And crimes conceal'd unfold.

LXXIX

For seeing Hell's tremendous flame,
In fancy bursting round;
In words of penitence he thus,
Alleviation found.

LXXX

"Death — death" he mutter'd "from thy hand,
In justice is my due;
But passion prompted me to slay,
Thy fond Alphonso true."

LXXXI

"Yea, Rosalinda, I by chance
Pass'd on thy nuptial day;
A sudden frenzy fired my breast,
And tore my heart away."

LXXXII

"And as when I beheld *thee* first,
This madd'ning love arose;
So hate for *him* my rival bless'd,
Made us at first sight foes."

LXXXIII

"And Satan, e'er too prone with means
Temptation to supply;
Had by a like all seeming chance,
The agent placed hard by."

LXXXIV

"About my person — fatal doom! —
A poison-weed I bore;
And, all unseen, the prest-out juice,
Did in his goblet pour."

LXXXV

When Rosalinda heard this tale,
With a sepulchral groan,
Red from his breast the dripping blade
Was buried in her own.

LXXXVI

The village maidens tolled her knell —
Her parents heard the sound —
It came like death upon the wind,
And awe-struck all around.

LXXXVII

They laid her by Alphonso's side,
With cypress on her brow;
And o'er the hapless lovers' grave,
Two yew-trees florish now.

LXXXVIII

Apace her sire began to droop —
Her mother's heart to break —
And in a few fleet seasons, both
Died mourning for her sake.

LXXXIX

But still their cot, where once intwined
Roses and wreaths of love,
A ruin from the vale is seen
Upon the hill above.

Sun-Set.

Clouds of night above are hanging;
Bats and Beetles blindly ganging;
Fitful Breezes gently gustling;
Waving Trees a stillness rustling;
Chain'd-up Watch-Dogs hoarsely growling;
Sharpers at Policemen scowling;
Lowing Herds in peace reposing;
Infants in their cradles dozing;
Cooks and Scullions dishes washing;
Footmen drain'd-out rummers sloshing;
Coachmen against night-work swearing;
Belles and Beaux for balls preparing;
Old-Maids tea and scandal sharing;
(Nowise of the latter sparing)
Young-Maids minds of marriage dreaming;
Players brains with dramas teaming;
Jealous spouses watches keeping;
Parlour-Cats on carpets sleeping;
Bookworms setting tapers burning;
(Night to turn to day in learning)
Weary ploughmen homewards plodding;
(Ready for their "nid nid nodding")

But enough — excuse our calling,
Muffinmen and Newsmen bawling;
Lamplighters with ladders running;
Beggars, half starved, or half cunning;
Or the eve-tide pastimes blending
Of each, lest there should be no ending:
Some with occupations pleasing —
Some with tasks and troubles teasing —
This one to recruit by resting —
That one strength by trial testing —
Many, needful work beginning —
Others, for their beds unpinning —
But all of mortal cares partaking,
Even the sleeping as the waking:
And thus that things will e'er be waxing,
As certain is as death and taxing.

YOUTH'S-PAST-DAY.

1

The summer sun of youth has set,
Its light now past away;
And unavailing's the regret,
That erst recalls its day.

2

A dream it was, and as a dream
Unheeded so did fly;
And flashes back a magic gleam,
On mem'ry's mournful eye.

3

How soon it went! and ah! how soon
The dusk of even came!
A meteor was life's brilliant noon,
An evanescent flame.

4

Yet through the vista of past days,
Youth's faded wreath appears
As if unscath'd, amidst the haze
Of retrospective years.

5

Yea, for it steals from time gone by,
An artificial light,
That veils from recollection's eye,
The canker and the blight.

6

Ah! many a corroding care,
A contretems to cloy,
Did overcast the zenith fair,
Of noontide's ardent joy.

7

How like an April's sun and shade,
Youth's smiles with teardrops blend;
Her promised draft's with discount paid,
Or cancel'd in the end.

8

And few, while they lament the past,
The past would yet recall;
And on the same ordeal cast,
Again their hope, their all.

Love

Wherefore do minstrels blindly sing
Of Love? that lillipution king!
Tuning to him their abject reeds,
Like slaves obliged by gracious deeds.
A little uninvited guest,
Who comes to cauterize the breast;
Who flings his shafts to wound and slay,
And then in triumph wings away.

Thou crafty, cunning, naughty boy,
To prate about thy cup of joy!
When even thy most earnest smile,
Is but an artful juggler's wile!
Avaunt! sly harbinger of pain,
Thou'rt not a blessing, but a bane,

Parting.

Troubadour, attune thy lyre;
Strike a chord replete with woe;
Wake no wanton note to fire;
But let strains in murmurs flow.

To but one of all the nine,
Whisper for a plaintive lay;
Such as with a touch divine,
Sooths the pangs it brings to play.

Be Melpomene that one;
Call pale Cynthia to aid;
Shunning noon's resplendent sun,
For the star-lit myrtle shade.

Helpless man must yield resign'd
To whate'er is fate's decree;
Nor could good from evil find,
If to chuse it he were free.

Each soft note, then, bid unite,
To assuage the parting sigh;
Warble of a future bright,
Unto those who hence must hie.

May the symphony ascend,
Borne on seraphs' wings above;
List'ning angels to attend,
To a lay of fervent love.

Mighty muse of mournful brow,
Deign a mortal voice to hear;
And from spheres *im*-mortal bow,
In commingling accents drear.

Consolation kind impart;
And let woe with weal combine,
So that round the hapless heart,
Hope her garland may intwine.

Grant great Æolus a gale,
Wafting to the wish'd-for shore,
May so swell their ample sail,
They rude seas may safe pass o'er,

Calm the proudly roaring main,
Bid the billows smoothly glide,
Pilot them the port to gain,
Where they may securely ride.

See them upon India's coast
Happily and healthy land;
Be their helm thy constant post,
Till they're snug upon the strand.

And o'er life's uncertain tide,
May prosperity and peace,
E'er unhurt their pinnace guide,
And protection ne'er decrease.

Charlotte.

One morning in May, thus I courted the Muse —
"Good madam, descend — nay, you cannot refuse
I need, in dilemma, celestial aid,
The charms to depict of a certain fair maid."

The Queen of the Muses here scornfully sigh'd—
Look'd down from Olympus, and scowling replied.

"I dare not, in conscience, sir, second your song —
For charms that to goddesses solely belong,
This damsel hath stolen — and 'tis my belief
You plead (do not frown) for an arrant young thief.
The dames of Elysium are all up in arms,
And Heav'n distracted amidst their alarms:
With a threat'ning brow starts Minerva the sage,
And Venus and Juno are both in a rage:
The judgment of Paris their spleen to provoke,
To the present commotion was sure but a joke:
All then in their fury were ready to fight;
So now for revenge all are fain to unite.

The Graces too, drive poor old Jupiter wild,
Declaring he pets this terrestrial child:
And Cupid himself's in a state quite excited,
Because his own mother is like to be slighted.
Thus all do protest they will never consent,
The while she's triumphant to sit down content;
So rather than call on the Muses to sing,
A veil o'er her beauties in charity fling.

"Ah! madam" said I "that's too lame an excuse,
Dont wrangle and jangle — 'twill be of no use —
I tell you the goddesses boast of her fame,
And foster and cherish the favor'd young dame:
The noise that the ladies are making above,
Proceeds not from anger, but purely from love;
Each claiming the fair for her own protegée,
Alone is the cause of the present affray.
All nursed her by turns, and bestow'd while on earth
A bloom, or a dimple, or something of worth.
Minerva has lent her intelligent eye;
Sweet Juno that gait, with which what air can vie?
And Venus designing man's heart to beguile,
Has given outright her own exquisite smile.

But since you are jealous; and make a mistake
'Twixt a loan and a theft, for idleness sake,
I'll not be beholden to any such elf,
But take up the fiddle, and play it myself."

SONG.

1

Fair ladies, turn your heads away,
Lest spite should spoil your faces,
The while a damsel I portray,
Unrival'd by the Graces.

2

I warn ye not to twist awry,
Or risk a crack of laces,
To furtively behold her eye;
Since 'twill not mend your cases.

3

For ev'ry feature is correct,
Which Beauty's pencil traces;
And in her form there's no defect,
But ease in all her paces.

4

Her rosy cheek, her lily brow,
The morning zephyr braces;
And Flora's fragrant breath, I trow,
Her frolic footstep chases.

5

In brief, this prototype alone,
Perfections all embraces!
And her pretensions, tho' high-flown,
Rest on no airy bases.

6

Therefore, proud misses, as such charms,
A rivalship erases;
To shield yourselves from envy's harms,
Keep in your proper places.

7

Perchance your fame has not decreast
At county balls or races;
Yet, like court cards, tho' great's the least,
Ye cannot all be Aces!!!

Grief.

In a deep lonely glade,
Which the lofty pines shade,
Lo! wild as a maniac's Grief;
And with woe being wrought
Each incongruous thought,
She spurns and renounces relief.

Alas! why doth she lie
On the bare earth, and sigh,
By weeping to heighten her pain?
No bewailing can cure,
Ills ordain'd to endure,
She vents lamentation in vain.

Ah! in vain tho' it be,
Yet the sad will agree
A tear-drop doth anguish allay;
Of itself 'tis relief,
To the bosom of Grief,
Like Hope whose false whispers betray.

Grandpapa.

Summer's chaplet's fading now,
Hoary is my auburn brow,
Winter's clouds of snow arise,
Sunset streaks my twilight skies,
Night's dark panoply appears
Shrouding forms of other years,
Forms that long have pass'd away,
Visions of a brighter day!
Once like thee, unconscious child,
So I thoughtless wept and smiled;
And, mature, must thou like me,
Care-worn smiles and sorrows see;
Should not death cheat mem'ry's gleam,
Of life's mingled meteor dream.

Mama.

Well! people may say what they will,
Yet fact is fact, and must be still:
Quizzing a problem may refute,
But dogmas are beyond dispute.
I know they fancy I'm possest,
And slyly turn me into jest,
When I proclaim, without compeer
My first-born babe a wonder clear!
I care not what ye say or think,
Or who behind may nod and wink,
Mine is no predilection vain,
For she's a nonsuch I'll maintain;
And show the wight who'll dare deny,
That Mercy's quite a prodigy!

My Old Landau.

When first I had thee, Life was young,
The world *before* me lay;
Of future prospects Fancy sung,
And summer's blythsome day.

Then whisper'd Hope of joys unpast,
Of pleasures hid in store;
And tho' dark Fear a cloud might cast,
Yet Life was still *before!*

Then wert thou elegant esteem'd,
Adorn'd in grand array;
An equipage in fashion deem'd,
And lauded went thy way.

Then in despite of Envy's leer,
Of Mischief's shaft of scorn,
By few surpass'd, unrivall'd near,
Did'st thou the drives adorn.

Then were thy trappings splendid thought,
Thy ease and motion prized;
And many oft thy favors sought,
By whom thou'rt *now* despised.

For *now* worn-out, thou'rt antique grown,
Thy show and flash are o'er;
Thy blazon'd pannels beauty's flown,
Thy claim to dash, no more.

And with thy master thou art old,
As mutable in kind;
Thy tale like his too nearly told,
The world to both *behind!*

What changes strange that tale could tell,
Doled out from first to last;
Thy rumbling sounds the mindful knell
Of scenes and stories past.

What balls, what operas, and bouts—
What races, and reviews—
What levees, drawing-rooms, and routs,
Thou'st seen in all their hues!

How many that have rode in thee,
Has death long swept away;
For ever hush'd — no more to be —
The young! the proud! the gay!

Thou art the type of by-gone plights —
Of pleasures past, and pains —
Of weddings, funerals, and sights —
Of sad and social strains.

From childhood's dawn too full-blown prime,
Have some thy circle graced;
Others from prime to close of time,
Within thee may be traced.

Thou chronicle of other years,
I'm loath to part with thee;
But thou with Time art in arrears,
And such is fate's decree.

Some seasons yet, indeed, ye may,
(Tho' faded being strong)
As heretofore still wend your way,
Amid'st the bustling throng:

But wiser seems it in your case,
Stricken in work and age!
Your part enacted, with good grace
To exit from the stage.

And with your gossip London Town,
(Whose voice from slander's store
Has mark'd you with unmeet renown)
Your last account to score.

Rememb'ring Horses, team on team,
Have sped throughout their day,
While harness'd to that heavy beam,
The chesnut, and the gray.

And also, that out-run's the tide,
Of many Coachmen laced,
Upon yon hammercloth in pride,
Imposingly once placed.

And that where-ever, far or near
Wont hitherto to wend,
Thy long and notable career,
Is drawing to an end.

Therefore, in thee to distant climes,
Nor roundabout at home,
The writer of these doggrel rhymes,
Will never henceforth roam.

For lo! thy burnish'd brightness gone,
Thy boast can ne'er come back;
A vehicle all stript and shorn,
Thou'lt cease a broke-down hack.

Hark!

Hark! the gently dying breeze,
Waves the stilly rustling trees —
Hark! that fitful, omen blast,
Tolls my Edgar's knell the last —
Yea, it whispers, "wherefore roam?
Esther, follow Edgar home!"

Hark! the gently dying breeze,
Fans my Edgar's soul to ease —
Hark! I hear an angel strain!
Seraphs sing! — again! — again!
Yea, the chanting Cherubs nigh,
Esther call to realms on high!

Hark! the gently dying breeze,
Sighs, my Edgar's ghost to please —
Hark! it seeks his long retreat;
Yon lone grave — ah! there's my seat!
Yea, sad Esther! solace find,
To lost Edgar's tomb consign'd!

Hark ! the gently dying breeze,
Wanders hence o'er distant seas —
Hark ! the echo bears along,
Burden to my requiem song —
Yea, it tells each far-off coast,
ESTHER seeks her plighted boast.

Hark ! the gently dying breeze,
Murmurs EDGAR's name, to tease —
Hark ! I hear his fetch's voice!
Now the fiends below rejoice!
Yea, and dæmons up in air,
Mock at ESTHER's mad despair.

Hark ! the gently dying breeze,
Speaks in warning words, like these;
Hark ! it counsels, " cease to weep;
EDGAR's bier's an endless sleep ! "
Yea, in death's consoling glade,
There shall ESTHER's debt be paid.

The Despairing Spinster.

An old-maid near — the season closing —
This hand I'd gladly give
To *any* bachelor proposing,
Ay, would I, as I live!
For tiresome it is remaining
In single bliss — 'tis wo —
Old-maids are not unhurt complaining,
When they to Church cant go.
All know to wedlock we're inclining —
That each a husband begs —
And that 'tis hard to stand designing,
So long on one's last legs.
For what's the use of songs and glancing;
Of giving men a hop;
Or in the park on horseback prancing;
If none of them will pop?
They're very ready to come dining,
And sipping one's champaign;
And then march off; and leave us pining
A catch to make in vain.

Old-bachelors there is no shaming —
Would I were *one* day queen,
I'd put a stop to drink, and gaming,
And make a law, I ween,
Old-bachelors at once compelling
All maidens-old to wed;
And each by proclamation telling,
He else must lose his head!

To Crichton.
(*written at School*)

Youthful bard! on Ida's mount —
Or 'mong Thrace's groves of pine —
Or beside some silver fount —
Tuned Apollo lays divine.

But thy lyrics to inspire,
Neither is there silver fount —
Nor Apollo's golden lyre —
Thrace's groves — nor Ida's mount:

Yet thy native strains ascend,
Warbling couplets soft and clear;
Tho' rude schoolboy-noises blend,
All around thee, far and near!

What would be thy muse's flight,
Nursed amid'st the groves of Thrace?
Ah! 'twould soar o'er Ida's height,
Loftiest of minstrel race.

Health.

Fairest of terrestrial birth,
Buxom, blithsome, rosy health!
Scatter buoyant joys on earth,
Joys above the pomps of wealth.

And as Ceres harvest yields,
Let us pluck Health's golden ear;
Gleaning out of Plenty's fields,
Grain the germs of Health to rear.

Health e'er mounts the spirits high —
Health doth even age inspire!
Distant days long past bring nigh;
Still awaking youth's desire.

Vainly's spread the festive board —
Vainly raised the vocal lay —
Music vainly strikes the chord,
When sweet Health is far away.

Health away, that urchin boy
Cupid, flings his shaft in vain —
Love's behests the senses cloy,
If they mingled come with pain.

Health away, who'd Hymen see
When disease afflicts the breast?
Fain from revelry we flee,
Seeking sore the couch of rest.

Be thou near then Health to aid,
To enhance whate'er is blest;
And to Temp'rance homage paid,
For presenting such a guest.

Health, oh! Health, on Life attend,
Rein the coursers of the air;
Bid thy breath the zephyrs blend,
And give all an ample share.

Poor Wanny's Dirge.

Worn out with age — with pains opprest —
Prostrate and lean, I sank to rest;
And slumber here; my troubles o'er;
Mousings, and mewings, all no more.
An orphan I, no parents' care
Nurtured my youth, or watch'd my lair;
Found in a cockloft, none could own
Poor Puss, of pedigree unknown.
My want of education thus,
Ought to have spared me so much fuss;
For surely if not wont to shine,
The fault was nature's, and not mine!
Ye kittens proud of parlour cats,
Whose tastes tit-bits prefer to rats;
Who doze on laps, in winter's cold,
Of bachelors and maidens old;
Remember I'd no mother's hand,
By precept, or example bland,
To guide my step, to school my thought,
Or I'd, like you, been better taught.
The only merit I can claim,
— And that alas! may some call blame —
(Malthus and Martinneau, no doubt,
My precedent with sneers will scout)

'Is, the example I have set
To Nurses! — I mean Nurses-Wet' —
For where's the matron who shall dare,
With *mine*, *her* sucklings to compare?
Let all, in numbers-round, be shown,
Mine, in amount, will stand alone!!
Ay, and in years tho' past fifteen,
Others I might have lived to wean;
Had they not dug my very grave,
When rudely to the bucket's wave,
My last poor pin-basket they gave.
That loss, I could not long survive —
The child of mine old age to rive!
Oh! it was hard! — then, ne'er disdain
To drop a tear, (tho' shed in vain)
To WANNY'S dirge! whose proper style,
Is WAND'RER! — a misnomer vile!
For never stray'd I half a league,
For pleasure, pastime, or intrigue:
But to shame wives who love to roam,
Sat down sedate, and stay'd at home.

Queen Elizabeth Woodville.

I

Born in a grade below the regal height,
I wander'd thro' the vale of life in peace;
The *Majesty* of *Nature* cheer'd my sight,
And each new morn bade happiness increase.

II

Ah! blissful state? — ah! days of calm content! —
You're flown, alas! and can return no more;
This bosom, then, was by no visions rent,
Of those dread ills, the future kept in store.

III

How little thought I, when the doating wife
Of my first love, the all-devoted Gray;
The strange rotations of thrice wedded life,
Would offer sceptred honours to betray,

IV

But Death wrought changes! — lo! ambition's slave,
I listen'd to a monarch's humble suit;
A monarch destined to a timeless grave!
Wherein *my* woes were doom'd alike to root,

V

Accurst the day! — that day supremely blest! —
(Oh! strange anomaly of good and ill!)
A day ordain'd to hail a high behest,
And to the brim a poison cup to fill.

VI

A Queen, once call'd — but now devoid of state,
No longer ermine robes my person grace;
My palace to a prison's turn'd of late,
While dire destruction threatens all my race.

VII

Edward and Richard — my poor captive boys!
No more your prattle greets my widow'd ears;
Beloved! bereaved! source both of banes and joys!
Of a fond mother's mingled hopes and fears!

VIII

Yet down before him I'm constrain'd to bow,
And own that wretch my sov'reign lord and king,
Whose arm has torn the circlet from my brow,
And from my hand the royal nuptial ring.

IX

Hard fate! — but in submission rests alone
The chance of an escape for me and mine,
From snares in ambush lurking, tho' well known,
Set to entrap and crush my dreaded line.

X

Stood I alone, my rage and my despair
Would prompt me to proclaim my wrongs aloud;
But others, dearer, must the danger share,
Whom fain I'd rescue in a shelt'ring cloud,

XI

Then let expediency seal my tongue,
To wait with resignation better years;
O may from my stung lip no word be wrung,
To wake for those I love increasing fears.

XII

Just Providence ere long will weary grow
Of one now tolerated at the helm;
And rid, by some exterminating blow,
Of such a monster, England's hapless realm.

To Anstruther.

(*written at School*)

I

Melpomene, entreat the quire,
To fan some dormant spark to fire,
And aid a bardling's lay;
For fate, so apt the heart to rend,
And rudely sever friend from friend,
Now tears a friend away.

II

Deign, deign, oh! tragic Muse, to hear
The sorrows of a soul sincere,
And sympathetic sigh;
But, in condolence, have a care,
And (lest ye deeper wound) beware
Of boding dangers nigh.

III

Say not, in lieu of glory's crown,
(The recompense of fair renown!)
Perhaps the cypress wreath,
May yet, ere long, its frontlet cold,
Encircle round that forehead bold,
The willow tree beneath.

IV

Rather bid Clio's hand divine,
The laurel cull; the chaplet twine,
Hereafter he may claim;
When Fortune shall the trumpet sound,
And thunder to the world around,
His deeds of martial fame!!

Adam & Eve.

Adam's downfall, sages tell,
How, by woman's wile, he fell,
Who, with Satan's silver tongue,
Fallacies seductive sung.

With favor graced,
Man first was placed,
Within a calm parterre;
Where Eden's peace,
Unknown to cease,
Hallow'd the tranquil year.

Yet, discontent,
A pray'r he sent,
(Which Seraphs wafted high)
That God, a mate
Would fain create,
To share, to sooth his sigh.

A woman came—
A lovely dame!
Bone of his very bone;

Like Heaven's race
In form and face,
Whose charms were all his own.

With what delight,
He bless'd the sight,
In rapture of surprise!
Before her bow'd —
Paid homage proud —
And claim'd the willing prize.

But Satan nigh,
(Whose jealous eye
Envied their halcyon state)
With cunning look,
An apple took,
And show'd it to the mate.

By nature frail,
And apt to hail
Each novelty in view;
Did fickle Eve,
Her Adam leave? —
Yea — to the tempter flew!

The fruit to taste,
She seized in haste,
Then back extatic came;
And bade him eat,
The poison'd sweet;
He bit — and saw their shame!!!

But has *Woman* faults alone?
And stern *Man* no share his own? —
May not Eve's fair daughters tell,
How by man's false tongue *they* fell?

Does no arch wile,
No subtle smile,
Seduce *them* to betray?
No specious lies,
Their sense surprise,
To lure their steps astray?

Is *he* not frail,
And wont to hail
Each novelty in view? —

Does *he* ne'er leave
His fickle Eve,
And prove a swain untrue?

Nor e'er to her,
If prone to err,
Temptation's bane present?
Has *he*, to cheat,
No poison'd sweet? —
No bait to meet her bent? —

Is *he* ne'er nigh,
With Satan's eye;
To show forbidden fruit?
Or quite exempt,
From all attempt,
To sow destruction's root?

If not, egotistic *Man!*
Learn your own defects to scan;
And, before ye *Woman* slur,
Cease oh! cease, yourself to err:
For *thy* fables too, are sung,
With the self-same silver tongue:

Yea — if *Man* his fall may date,
Thro' the wile of his frail mate;
So may *Woman* also tell,
By *her* wily mate *she* fell.

A Valentine.

What is Love? — a blissful woe! —
'Tis a shaft from Cupid's bow! —
Ah! that little firy test,
Tho' unseen, consumes the breast.

What is Cupid? — why, a God
With a little pickled rod! —
Ah! that rod can make you smart,
When it smites a bleeding heart.

What's a Heart? — a restless thing! —
Ah! a little tyrant king!
That 'gainst self doth now combine,
To entrap thy,

Valentine!!!

Another VALENTINE.

Since creation's day was ne'er
Such a brow, so passing fair!
There delights a sportive blush,
Love, at once to rouse, and hush.

Since creation's day was ne'er
Such a lip, to check and dare!
There delights a smile half hid,
Love to challenge, and forbid.

Since creation's day was ne'er
Such an eye, for Cupid's lair!
There delights a Love to shine,
To provoke this
VALENTINE'!!

Adieu.

Adieu the doubt of many years —
For ever solved — adieu —
So long the source of hopes and fears!
A last farewel to you.

The deed is done — the Will is sign'd —
Seal'd — witness'd — and enrol'd —
That Will which marks out to mankind,
The heartless, and the cold!

One who cut off his rightful heir;
And to the stranger gave
Those broad domains, and manors fair,
Time spoke in vain to save:

For Time had long the first-held lands
Preserved thro' weal and wo;
But what was spared by Cromwell's hands,
By *His* was doom'd to go.

Adieu, then, to that rural spot,
  My grandsires' seat of old;
Ye woodlands, now to be forgot,
  Your tale at length is told.

And yon proud castle's lofty dome,
  With turrets mounting high,
Must aliens henceforth make their home,
  And kinsmen's place supply:

The dying grandeur to maintain,
  Of one, who to the grave,
Descended wavering and vain,
  Ambition's abject slave:

Whom age could not teach wisdom's way;
  Or justice show for guide;
Govern'd alone in life's last day,
  By whim, caprice, and pride.

With fortune, sentiments should rise;
  And *great*-minds thus we find;
But to be puff'd-up, is unwise,
  And shows a *little*-mind:

Unworthy of the high advance,
  By circumstances gain d;
And proves 'tis owing to blind chance,
  Honor by such obtain'd.

For can the man be good esteem'd;
  Or faithful to his trust;
Whose last account, when cast, is deem'd
  Unnatural and unjust?

Sophists may argue maxims trite,
  Say, "you may give your own;"
And precedent examples cite,
  To equity unknown:

But far above perversions bland,
  With equipoising scales,
Justice immutable must stand,
  Whose balance never fails.

From those, to whom is given much,
  To much require is fair;
And penalties should punish such,
  As do abuse their care.

What Heaven places at our will,
A sacred pledge implies;
And he who doth dispense it ill,
A worthless steward dies.

And where is found a name to read
In stewardship that's worse,
Than *his*, who by a ruthless deed,
Deserves his *kindred's* curse?

Who turn'd his back upon the band,
That would his worth have prized;
And gave to those his wealth and land,
By whom he was despised!

Yea, for deceitful to each friend,
His promises he broke;
And disappointed in the end,
Adopted-Heirs awoke

From dreams of heritable pelf,
Goods, chattels, wines, and plate,
Which each expected for himself,
With mansion and estate.

And those on whom he forced his land,
  Because of titled grade,
Can *they* respect the perjured hand,
  By which the gift was made!

O no — they must in heart despise,
  (If honest men and true)
The *giver*, tho' the gift they prize;
  Since friendship none they knew!

For *duty*'s line was then o'erstept —
  (That sacred, solemn bound,
Wherein our *self*-respect is kept
  In wardship safe and sound)

And when o'erstept, the mind is turn'd,
  Bereft of armour all,
An outcast (rectitude once spurn'd)
  Beyond stern honour's call.

At first is made some dubious lapse,
  For which there seems excuse;
Then follow palpable mishaps,
  Less heinous seen by use:

And on men go without a rein
  To check with shame or fear;
When *principle* does not restrain,
  The will's unmeet career.

So was it, this uplifted man,
  Elate with pomp, at first
His duty cancel'd; and began
  The bonds of blood to burst,

By slighting and neglecting those,
  Who had most right to claim
The grace affinity bestows,
  In kindred's hallow'd name.

Oh! what a flint must be the breast,
  To dues of love deny;
And pass through life, alas! unblest
  By one endearing tie:

Aloof! alone! from all apart
  Who could affection feel;
And teach the alienated heart,
  At pride's chill shrine to kneel:

Dead to each sympathetic throe;
  In isolated scorn;
Ensconced in self! no bud to blow,
  Upon the barren thorn.

Tho' *why* he did his kindred slight,
  Is not to be defined;
In all but rank his equals quite,
  As well-bred, and refined.

And he could turn them to his end,
  When *money* was in need;
And friendly letters sometimes send,
  Expectancies to feed.

As if he lived to tantalize;
  To hopes excite, and balk;
And prove (like politicians' lies)
  Professions, empty talk.

Perhaps phrenologists might find
  Antipathy's high bump,
The organ, typic of his mind!
  A heterogeneous lump!

Which consanguinity's dear cause,
  Is form'd to counteract;
And abrogate the purest laws,
  Rights paramount exact.

No tear was shed o'er this man's bier,
  As tribute to his worth;
No relative, or far or near,
  Follow'd him to the earth.

One sole of his relations all,
  In sables, can be named;
And would that one have held his pall,
  And not have been ashamed?

Sure, such an instance scarce is known,
  Its like the world ne'er saw,
Of grief and veneration shown,
  By a *cut-off* Heir-at-law!!

Well! Lords by some are worship'd so,
  If Lucifer appear'd
Wearing a coronet, I trow
  He'd find himself revered.

But such-like homage is constrain'd,
Where love can *not* abound!
And he for his, *one* thousand gain'd,
Of *forty* thousand pound!

And even that, we must infer,
If call'd a *boon*, belied;
Being a *bane*, to stop a stir
To set the Will aside:

Of which good evidence we find;
For with statistic art,
A *former* Will was left behind,
In which *he* took *no* part!!

Altho' this *legatee!* alone,
Of all connexions scored,
E'er broke a crust, or pick'd a bone,
At his unwelcome board.

Nor e'er sent he a head of game,
(Why such omission hide?)
To *any* of his blood or name,
From all his manors wide!

Oh ! who can wonder he should fix
Upon a tomb away ;
His disregarded dust to mix
With uncongenial clay.

For could he lay his bones to rest,
Amidst his grandsires' cairns ;
Casting their issue from his breast,
Graybeards, as well as bairns.

Whose patrimony, to his shame,
Wont elsewhere to disburse,
Bade cries of anger and of blame,
Follow the *old*-man's hearse :

On whom the Lord bestow'd the pow'r
To elevate his race ;
Upon them wealth and rank to show'r ;
Honor ; respect ; and place !

And yet who dash'd them to the earth —
Shoved them aside — disown'd —
Injured their claims to gentle birth, —
The heritage disponed —

Conceal'd their ancestry — his trust,
And God's commandment broke —
Their very *Name* on strangers thrust,
Their censure to provoke.

For did not *he* God's edict break,
"*Both parents to revere*"
Who with an insult could forsake,
All those to *either* dear?

Yet he would *pious!* fain be thought,
And built a *House-of-Pray'r*,
For *christian* precepts to be taught,
And *Bibles* quoted fair!

O what a mockery to preach
Canons, when practiced not!
And hypocritically teach
Axioms and themes forgot!

Forgot by *him* they were 'tis clear,
(Or scorn'd, if borne in mind)
In proof, the Book of Numbers * hear,
Where these decrees we find.

* Chap. xxvii — Verses 8, 9, 10, & 11.

"If a man die without a Son,
His Daughter shall succeed;
And if of daughters he hath none,
His Brother's heir of need:

"And if of brethren he's bereft,
To his Father's-Brethren, then
Shall the inheritance be left,
If living are such men:

"But if no brethren hath his sire,
His next of blood and kin,
The Law-of-God doth then require
The heritage to win!!!"

Thus has he outraged by his Will,
GOD's-law, which he profest;
As failing likewise to fulfil,
MAN's-law, by his bequest.

Perhaps he pardon hoped to gain
By rich Communion-Plate!
Blazon'd with Arms! and symbols vain!
And Coronets of state!

Unmindful that by christian creed,
Humility is tried;
That when men on Christ's body feed,
'Tis not to feed their pride!

But fear of judgment could not scare
A mammon minded man,
Who made *this world* his death-bed care,
Scoffing *hereafter's* ban.

Nay — who, Death's mandate to defeat,
An *Heir-loom* made his *Bust!*
Stern Nature of her debt to cheat,
And cozen of his dust.

As if the self-conceited fool,
In marble would survive!
And still, tho' dead, as living rule,
And for the vict'ry strive!

Yet finding lands he could not take,
Incoffin'd to the grave;
In spleen, a plague of them to make,
A prison with them gave:

To those whom he compels to dwell,
Against their wish or no,
In that lone pile, forbid to sell,
Desert, let, lend, or show.

Sure, some cross dæmon did preside,
When such a clause was drawn;
Where neutralizing evil vied,
The good to render shorn.

Howe'er, what better act expect
From One, who could consign
To undeserved and blind neglect,
His own forefathers' line.

By whose award, o'er their domains
Perhaps his restless sprite,
Goaded with retribution's pains,
Is doom'd to walk by night.

The while, around, his titled name
Will even be forgot!
For, small, his legislative fame
Died with him, and is "*not!*"

In his *own family* alone,
  Remembrance will remain;
And *there*, indelibly be known,
  By stigma, and by stain:

When all, *call'd friends*, the great, the proud,
  By Fashion's folly crown'd,
That fleeting evanescent crowd!
  In Lethe's streams are drown'd.

Lo! "Honourable" was his style,
  (Misnomer not found rare!)
Exemplified perversion vile,
  Of that cognomen fair!

Nor scarce could flatt'ring self-love say,
  His wits achieved high rank;
Having, for paving half the way,
  His father's head to thank.

And yet, where merit may be due,
  Be merit not denied;
For industry in place, 'tis true,
  The ladder's steps supplied.

And after thirty winter's toil,
Of Ministers the drudge!
A barren Peerage was the spoil,
They gave him with a grudge:

And placing him upon the shelf,
With this long sought reward;
Left *the Great Statesman!!* to himself,
To play the mushroom Lord!!!

Retribution.

Hark! to Revenge! — I hear the call —
Her voice proclaims a tyrant's fall;
The Offspring of Success:
A bloated victor who'd destroy —
Heedless of blood — Ambition's toy —
Spreading around distress.

But Vengeance now uprears her head;
For France has suffer'd — Spain has bled —
And Italy's o'errun;
Russia has burnt her civic seat,
And forced the plund'rer to retreat,
Whose armament's undone.

The proud usurper's lost his crown;
His upstart kings have fallen down;
To Wellington the praise!
Monarchs deposed, resume their sway;
His brief control has pass'd away;
Britannia wins the bays!

Quandary & Quietus.

Quandary.

Cupid, God of weal or woe!
Comes from Heav'n or Hell, thy bow? —
Gives thy quibbling little dart,
Pain or pleasure in the smart? —
Is the lottery of love,
From below, or from above? —
Does its mingled smile and sigh,
Bless or blast? — bid live or die?

Quietus.

Whether Hell or Heaven born,
Cupid neither court or scorn! —
He may plague, or he may please,
But he never renders ease! —
Hell and Heaven have combined,
To accurse and bless mankind;
Vain the effort to o'erreach,
Cupid's in the pay of each!!

The Young Misanthrope.

To *Me* 'tis a marvel mankind being gay!
Why dance they, like fools, in fantastic array?
Where-e'er mine eye glances, no face see I wear,
The aspect of meet discontent and despair!
My mirror's the only place where I may view,
A visage castdown, and decidedly blue!
Yet when I complain of mortality's lot,
I'm told by these asses, that "damn'd man is not!"
They strike up the merry, the brisk violin,
Cast reason aside — disquisition term sin —
Pay court to curst fate — with a gibe take me down;
Aud vow that of fortune I merit the frown:
For duty commands to be thankful and kind;
To blessings behold, but to ills to be blind:
That grunting and growling ne'er'll lighten life's load,
But lead us at last to despondency's road.
Now *I* have no faith in such humbugs and lies,
Bright prospects *I* see with suspicion's green eyes;
For anticipation the dogma makes known,
That *nothing's* in life but what merits a groan!

I see in true light these perversions so fair!
I probe the gay cloak that envelops black care!
I know that no season's more fitting for gloom,
Than the frolicksome day of juvenile bloom!
For then all the evils of life are to come,
And who'll dare to limit the score of the sum?
O folly, to revel in riotous cheers,
When laughter's the prelude to forthcoming tears!
The sports, and the becks; and the wreaths, and
the smiles,
That life's dull monotony cheating beguiles;
E'er prove but a mock, and a mask, and a mood,
To bilk and betray — how I hate the whole brood!
Mortal man I despise — society scorn —
Wish no human being had ever been born!
The pleasure of others, is pain unto me;
Their pain, a lugubrious pleasure I see.

Jill.

I cannot move, my Joe to love,
With am'rous sighs — or tearful eyes —
  Or woman's oft bewitching wiles;
So 'tis most true, to bid adieu,
Would wisest be, too well I see,
  To hope, that to betray, beguiles.
But in my mind, I cannot find
The mood, I say, to cast away,
  Those hopes my quenchless flames inspire;
Tho' wont to know, the pangs of woe,
I'll ne'er, like flirt, my Joe desert,
  Or kindle an apostate fire.
O no — nor e'er, in mute despair,
Tho' left forlorn, the sport of scorn,
  Seek oblivion to my woe;
But nourish still, (a faithful Jill!)
And learn to bear, with aspect fair,
  The buffets I am doom'd to know.

May.

Bards are wont to worship May!
Eulogising meadows gay!
Flow'rets that do perfumed blow!
Streamlets that meand'ring flow!
Hoary winter's snow-clouds past!
Hush'd the hyperborean blast!
Spring in dewy garlands bound!
With young nature's gifts around!
But they pass the hidden snare,
Lurking 'midst these beauties fair;
Blight, and blain, and with'ring fly;
A treach'rous tho' sunny sky;
Zephyr's breath with banes replete,
Poisons, harvests to defeat!
Heat and cold's capricious change,
Wild, anomalous, and strange!
Ah! the gaudy month of May,
Often flatters to betray.

A Valentine.

With flaming darts,
And flutt'ring hearts,
Come Valentines to thee;
Whose ev'ry sigh,
Proclaims a lie!
Expect not such from me.

Your beauty's pow'r,
Bereft of dow'r
Resistless doubt to be;
Believe full oft,
Such humbugs soft,
Would make a fool of thee.

They talk of scorn —
Of fate forlorn —
Of having Love defied;
Braving with sneers,
His pointed leers,
Till *You* subdued their pride.

Beware, beware,
My hoodwink'd fair,
Remember, Love is blind!
Whoever tries,
Requires good eyes,
His fabled wounds to find.

A friend in need,
Is one indeed,
And wanting now to you;
Who, in despite
Of woman's slight,
Will teach a lesson true:

And say, you must,
Men's eyes mistrust
Of admiration pure;
When dames, tho' bland,
Hold purse in hand,
So fashion'd to allure.

For love burns out,
Or wanes about,
If fortune proves "my eye!"

Then, ten to one,
Demure and done,
They spread their wings, and fly.

So, by no art,
Attempt my heart
In Hymen's chains to place;
Unless you've tin,
Enough to win,
And fortune's not your face.

I'm quite sincere,
I swear, my dear:
If rich, you may be mine;
If poor, refuse,
I beg, to chuse
Me, for your

VALENTINE.

Sonnet.

Bacchus in the Paphian bow'r,
Planted once a poppy flow'r;
Cupid, heedless of the deed,
Pluck'd the soporific weed:
Ah! that weed subdued his soul,
When he quaff'd the poison'd bowl!
Thus the little sleepy god,
Reeling on his tiny rod,
As he shoots his arrows out,
Knows-not what he is about;
And with random shafts of love,
Mars the matches made above:
But what better hope to find,
From an urchin drunk and blind!

Morning.

Aurora, haste — the skies adorn —
Now, usher-in the rising morn —
Dispel the sombre clouds of night —
And gladden with returning light.

Come in thy ethereal car,
Brighten the hemisphere afar;
Unveil thy blushes coy to view,
And throw aside thy shroud of dew.

Aurora hail! — ah! goddess fair!
Coquettes in vain with thee compare,
When from thy twilight toilet sly,
Thou peeping woo'st, half-seen and shy.

To the Lark.

Ah! thoughtless thing,
On wav'ring wing,
Soaring so far away;
Tho' blithe ye sing,
No more ye'll fling,
Your flutt'ring pinion gay.

Your warbling note,
This morn may float,
Above, to hail the day;
Tomorrow's throat,
Ye'll fain devote,
Below, to tune the lay.

For foolish thing,
The while ye sing,
In carols wild and gay;
To snare your wing,
Yon boy shall bring
A trap, ere fall of day.

And then your note,
No more will float,
Upon the zephyr gay;
Encaged, your wing,
No longer fling,
Its plumage far away.

Sonnet.

Give a cottage on a hill,
By a pure and purling rill;
With sufficient to provide
All that comfort needs beside;
Just such competence of wealth,
As asks temperance for health —
Give employment for the day,
Idleness to keep away;
But enough of leisure still,
To amusement take at will,
Either wont abroad to roam,
Or in solitude at home.
Thus with a contented mind,
Yeomen, kings may leave behind!!

Black Edward,

Heroic Muse!
High strains diffuse,
In numbers loud and strong;
For see, away
In war's array,
Sets sail a gallant throng.

Britannia's boast,
Has left her coast,
Incased in sable steel;
Whose name will shine,
A ray divine!
Whilst thunders Glory's peal!

On wings of gold,
Fame's trumpet bold,
Sounds o'er the sea to France;
To hail that land,
Albania's strand,
Where Britain's horse shall prance!

Both far and wide,
Where'er he'll ride,
The conquer'd realm he'll lord;
Supremely blest,
By fate's behest,
And victory's accord.

PLANTAGENET!
Ere sun be set,
The laurel crown ye'll gain;
Which Crecy's field,
Your brow shall yield,
By Gaul opposed in vain.

A gem more bright,
In heroes' sight,
Who venerate renown;
Than all, so fair!
The jewels rare,
Even of England's crown.

Thy Father's fame,
Made Edward's name
Resound throughout the world;

When Poitiers' field,
Bade Frenchmen yield,
To British flags unfurl'd.

And no less great,
Mankind will rate,
The Black-Prince Edward's name;
Tho' destin'd ne'er,
To sceptre bear,
With like resplendent fame.

And if far back,
Thy race we track,
An equal praise is due;
To martial laws,
And holy cause,
Devoted, firm, and true.

When wars arose
Against CHRIST's foes,
The Lion-hearted King,
A mighty pow'r,
Of England's flow'r,
Did to the crusade bring.

We too, may state,
In after date,
The Fifth brave Henry's deed;
Whose fearless sport,
At Agincourt,
Caused noble veins to bleed.

And whose good son,
Great battles won,
That would have France subdu'd;
If Joan of Arc,
By riddles dark,
Had not the fight renew'd.

But now no more,
On England's shore,
Nor through the world beside;
Doth belted knight,
In armour bright,
To tilt and tourney ride.

Nor lady dight,
On palfrey white,
From feudal castle press:

To give the prize,
Her brilliant eyes,
With love's enhancement bless.

Those days so proud,
Bards laud aloud,
Of chivalry are past;
Their glories fell,
Historians tell,
With Richard third and last.

And with them died
The scenes, supplied
For stories of romance,
So fertile found,
On Spanish ground,
And the gay fields of France.

Fair lady will,
Be courted still,
But *then* 'twas *homage* paid;
When Edward's hand,
Her garter-band,
The badge of knighthood made!

And if proud men,
Devoted then,
Bow'd down to lady fair;
In lady's sight,
So then was knight,
Devotion form'd to share.

We must not hide,
But far and wide,
Their proofs of true-love spread;
In times past o'er,
Yet still in store,
Detail'd by Sages dead.

Nor leave untold,
The tale of old,
Of the First Edward's wife;
Who from his blood,
The poison'd flood,
Suck'd, at the risk of life!

For want of space,
We cannot trace,
The legends long of note;

Which those may find,
Who feel inclin'd,
In chronicles remote.

For golden days;
Of wreaths and bays,
Immortal honors claim;
And Time will place
Chivalric grace,
On slabs of deathless fame.

My Father.

Come, Sages, whose establish'd dogmas old,
Of rectitude, the statutes fix'd unfold;
Ye teachers, who in homilies far spread,
Imperatively point right paths to tread;
Oh! may your canons deviators hear,
And list'ning learn to cherish and revere:
Your rules intrinsic, emulation train
To copy tenets which themselves maintain!
For Heav'n intended Equity divine,
A model to posterity should shine:
And sure the man who represents in deed,
This noble prototype, deserves the meed
Of ev'ry honor, worship, and respect,
Which such a bright example can reflect.
My theme is, then, a man of upright mind,
With all its sterling requisites combin'd;
Temper'd by true religion's reason fair,
Without the cant of piety and pray'r,
Who traced thro' life, from puberty to age,
Show'd probity inherent — judgment sage —

With such tenacity in honor's cause,
As ill could brook infringement of her laws;
Howe'er inclined, from tenderness of heart,
When injured to enact the lenient part.
He ne'er the *style* of "*Honorable*" bore,
But he *was* honorable to the core;
Unlike some others who that title bear,
Yet of the *title* only have a care:
'Tis pity *One* did not his course observe,
And blush, for shame alone, therefrom to swerve.
'Twas ask'd by some philosopher of yore,
(Whose precepts are as proverbs kept in store)
"What man can be deem'd happy till he's dead!"
No man — for woes may gather round his head,
And neutralize prosperity when past,
All turning to adversity at last.
So, too, he might have ask'd, "till dust's to dust,
What man can be accounted fair and just?"
Since ne'er till then his latter *Will* is known,
Whereby, of droiture the criterion's shown:
For no man of integrity *could* break,
The clauses honesty dictates to make:
As well might we believe omniscience bright,
Blind to the principles of wrong and right;

Or justice, quite immutable, expect
In sophisms and quibbles to detect:
No — conscience whispers when we act unfair;
Goading, tho' secret pangs, the bosom tear;
Remorse and reason, when the error's clear,
Speak without tongues; and while we hush we hear.
The insufficiency of humankind,
Will errors oft in judgment bid us find;
But the intention, good or bad, 's the test —
Discernment, on capacity must rest:
To mean well's all, alas! weak man can do —
Humiliating problem! — ah! too true.
Then know, ye seeming honest, who appear
To boast your irreproachable career,
That if 'tis only to protect your pride,
You buoy your characters on honor's tide,
That howsoe'er ye may live free from blame,
Not love of rectitude, but fear of shame,
Makes rogues inherent, honesty profess;
And prompts, tho' prone to bad, to bad repress:
So, if, at last, stability should fail,
Too sure, at root your principle is frail.
Therefore, ye feign'd immaculate, beware,
(Maugre your chapel-building, alms, and pray'r)

Lest Seraphims a malediction deem,
The gifts arch-knaves benevolence esteem;
If you thereby rob Peter, to pay Paul:
Like to one pious dame, who left her all
To public charities; and to her own,
Bequeath'd consuming penury alone!
If this was to perpetuate her name,
Her charity was proud posthumous fame;
If for herself in paradise to roam,
Then charity, indeed, began at home:
And tho' her love might for the poor be great,
Yet self-love did, perhaps, preponderate.
O Censure, rise and wag your hydra tongue,
When suchlike *acts of grace!* are said or sung;
When deaf to consanguinity's dear voice,
Caprice, or vanity, dictates the choice;
And lures men to dispone the goods in trust,
In dispositions palpably unjust:
For then, to human-nature a disgrace,
They lose in Heaven's synagogue their place;
Living, deserve no benediction said,
And merit an anathema when dead.
Should plaudits, then, for Testaments unmeet,
Such hypocritical examples greet!

While *His*, of worth, containing what is right,
Lies hidden in the shroud opaque of night!
One, whose undeviating life and will,
Assimilate; and moral laws fulfil:
Which might, be stamp'd in characters of gold,
And for a model on Time's page enrol'd!

Go, read that Will — therefrom his justice scan —
And hail, "God's noblest work! —

An honest man!!!"

Lines

(written in a religious young lady's Album)

Typical is Nature's page,
Of our earthly pilgrimage;
As the seasons, we divide
Into four, life's changeful tide;
Making ev'ry score of years.
Such a span as each appears:
Childhood, manhood, wane, and age,
Emblem'd all, upon her stage!
Up to Twenty, see man's Spring —
Thence to Forty, Summer bring —
Next to Sixty, Autumn mark —
And to Eighty, Winter dark.
Thus is like a year, man's days;
So he blooms, and so decays:
But unlike the seasons four,
Can revivify no more!!
Is it so? — by man alone,
Must eternal death be known? —

Grace and vigour ne'er resume,
But in *him*, their fallen bloom, ? —
No — alone, *he* never dies,
CHRIST has said the word, " arise ! "
And when Nature sinks in fate,
Then Man's spring shall renovate !!!

Epitaph.

For necklace, I'd a heavy stone —
For bed, was in the wash-tub thrown —
Ah! little thought this hapless head,
When fondled, favor'd, foster'd, fed,
So soon by *her* decree to lave,
And pillow in a wat'ry grave:
But foe-friend! whom I lived to serve,
I'll die to harm, — you so deserve —
Come, little quadrupeds, whose lives
Grimalkin's claw so ruthless rives;
Avenge your foe — your foe befriend —
Nibble and scratch — and rant and rend!
Haste to the larder — never fear —
No danger lurks — the coast is clear —
Arise ye Trot-abouts! up, up,
Grimalkin's ghost invites to sup!!!

Confession.

A damsel, at the break of day,
When first arose the twilight gray,
Her weary footsteps slowly bent,
With hair dishevel'd, weak, and spent,
To a far monastery's fane,
To wash away a heinous stain;
And with a palpitating heart,
A shrift implore, to ease her smart.
Arrived, down on her knees she fell,
Her awful tale to, contrite, tell.
"O father! such a deed I've done,
I dare not face the rising sun;
And tremble for your shrinking ear,
My dark delinquency to hear."
The holy Father stood aghast —
A scowl, as grim as Satan's, cast —
Mingled with a portentous leer,
That made her bosom quake with fear.
"Daughter" he growl'd "of Hell beware —
'Twould cruel kindness be, to spare —

I care not what your crime may be,
Expect no clemency from me:
Barefoot, with nettles on your head,
Forthwith to Rome prepare to sped."
"O pity! — is there no remède? —
Must I so pay my naughty deed?
Cant ye devise some other means? —
Remember, Sir, I'm in my teens!"
"So young, and to the Devil sold!
Good Lord! it makes my blood run cold!
I shall be culpable if so
A flagilation I forego."
"I am repentant, as I live —
This once, O holy sire! forgive."
"Well, sinner, tho' your lapse be great,
As penitence ne'er comes too late,
And Rome, when faith's sincere and sound,
Is an indulgent mother found;
If you have Peter's pence to pay,
The Church, perhaps, may pardon say."
"Good Peter's pennies, I've been told,
Are some of silver, some of gold;
I'm grateful for your penance kind,
But where can I such pennies find?"

" Why either borrow, beg, or steal:
All's good, that's for the Church's weal!
So, therefore, without more ado,
Now, tell me, what it is, you rue?"
" Alas! — that I should be so lax! —
Myself with such an act to tax! —
The fault occurr'd on Friday last,
Appointed by the Church to fast —
That I should do so foul a thing! —
I ate — I ate — a — chicken's wing!!!"

Time.

The glowing hemisphere around,
Is now with golden ev'ning crown'd;
Another morning's risen light,
Is setting in another night!
So, glided yesterday away;
And so, will glide tomorrow's day:
As ev'ry by-gone day has done,
All, born and buried with the sun.
And since the first man's mystic birth,
Has each man doom'd to tread this earth,
From the first morn when light arose,
To the last eve which saw repose,
Each separate day, as each day came,
Awoke to daily tasks the same:
And yet doth seldom weary seem,
Of the monotonous routine,
Tho' few the days are those, we find
Worthy of note of abstract kind.
Our avocations take their round —
Are much as usual each day found —

For rarely any new event,
Alters or checks their given bent:
Yet we ne'er deprecate or rue,
Diurnal occupations due;
Altho' each day, their zest to tame,
Those ocoupations are the same.
We rise at morn, and rest at night,
Breakfast, dine, sup, by custom trite;
And intermediate spaces fill,
By duties, or by pastimes still;
Without impatient wont to grow,
Of this career of sameness slow:
But while, throughout from youth to age,
We cross this sublunary stage,
Each newborn day, perform anew
The tasks each past-by day gone through,
With as much promptitude and care,
As each demanded for its share:
Seeming to live for what's to be,
That morrow destined ne'er to see!
Unconscious of the rapid race
We're running at this same, slow, pace.
The unborn future, and dead past,
In time's wide womb and grave are cast;

And for the present, 'tis a span !
The meteor's flash ! — the zephyr's fan ! —
All, all, of moments but the score,
Which come, and are anon no more.
Thus, on life's stream most heedless move;
Thus, blindly earth's ordeal prove;
Nor even say, in word or thought,
(As beings of reflection ought)
" Another day is now begun ! " —
" And now, another day is done ! "

Sonnet.

When in fancy at the shrine,
Hallow'd by the Muses nine;
Rapt! in that enchanted cell,
Where the dames of science dwell;
Then tranquillity divine,
Like Elysium's peace, is mine!
Soothing is the genial glow,
That from Ida's visions flow,
Whisp'ring to the pensive mind,
Consolations undefin'd,
Spread on that ideal shore,
Where terrestrial ills are o'er!
Scenes imagined! brief to last!
Soon, too soon, such dreams are past!

FINIS.

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